

# Voyage of the "Franklin"

Sunday. Dec. 20th. at sea —  
Latitude. 30 North Longitude 40. West  
9 Days from New York. and  
over half way to the Equator.

Over the glad waters of the bright blue Sea.  
Our thoughts as boundless and our homes as <sup>free</sup>.  
For as the huge Can-bear the billows' foam  
Survey our empire and behold our <sup>home</sup>.

Apart there, 'not so fast, old  
Byron never was a sailor or  
he would not have written such  
stuff. And he never had a nice  
little home among the hills of New  
England like mine. if he had  
he would have sung a different  
song.

But here we are again.  
as the saying is. And how have  
we got here?



My five months on shore seem like a dream, but the few days at sea seem like an age.

We left New York harbour. Friday (said to be the unluckiest day) at 3 o'clock A.M. in company with Ship Cleopatra. Capt Stone. Like ourselves bound to San Francisco. Both Capt & Mate old friends of mine. and here let me say that on board either ship, not a day will pass. but "I wonder where the Franklin, or I wonder where the Cleopatra is" will be passed from month to month till we get to our destination.

It was so early that we could see none of the beauties of N York bay. for at daylight we were outside. at light the Steamer. Hoisted her whistles



"Haul in your hawser." pilot took  
our last letters. "Good By. God  
bless you." and we are alone. alone  
Oh how much alone. A strong  
breeze from N.E. all day and  
at night a blinding Snow Storm  
But we have a stout ship plen-  
ty of strong willing arms aboard  
of her, and the Coast is all clear,  
for at 11 A.M. the Highlands of  
New Lenk faded from our  
view. All we have to fear is  
vessels in our way. God have  
mercy on them, for the Franklin  
would go right through any  
vessel in her way to night, and  
we could not see two rods.  
It is cold though, and the boys  
feel it. All day Saturday  
the same. Sunday the wind is  
N.W. with lots of Snow and  
blowing a gale. just what  
we want.



For Prayers only in the silence  
of our own hearts. But God is with  
us.

And so we have been going  
all the week. only the wind has  
been from S. W. with lots of  
rain, and blowing great gusts.  
and the sea runs frightfully, Friday.  
A sea came over us that took away  
our small boat, both skylights  
and the lee scull. we never saw  
them again. and are thankful  
that it did not take any body  
else. as it very near did the mate  
and three men. I never saw  
such a sea. I was standing  
near the wheel. when it struck.  
The first I saw was the two men  
that were steering trying to save  
themselves, in the water I caught  
the wheel, and saved the ship from  
broaching too. and we staggered  
through it. The Cabin filled  
half full of water and everything  
then except my things were com-  
pletely wet through.





## Incl Paper -

Last night it has grown moderate.  
And as usual we have had a pleas-  
ant Sunday. All sail set. The  
Franklin sails better than I thought  
she would, as her passage proves.  
I hope she will keep it up. She is  
tight and strong, and everything  
is comfortable so far. Chin, my  
China Boy, is quite a personage  
on board no less than Cook, and  
a good one. We had prayers  
in the Cabin this morning, and  
all were attentive and decorous.  
Our fresh Beef is all gone, but  
we have four Pigs, and they go all  
over the Ship. They were just in here.  
(My Cabin.) Strange it is that as soon  
as a pig gets on board a Ship he  
makes for the Cabin. A dog, for the  
forecastle



I have a nice little Kitten  
Messrs Crocker, Wood & Co gave  
me, and she really seems dom-  
esticated to A. babin. She is all black.  
And as my last cat on board the  
Fearless was black and with me  
a number of years, and always  
brought good luck, I hope this one  
will.

I used, when at home, when  
I had been out in the evening, on com-  
ing back, to go softly to the window  
and look in, it would be dark.  
And the inmates could not see out.  
What a pretty picture. It is pen-  
ted in my mind. I try and look  
in now, they can't see me, but I  
am looking in just the same. I  
shall be looking in there all this  
voyage, what a comfort it is.  
I can see Louisa making a frock  
for the baby, I can see Denny  
holding on to her dress, and looking



Her in the face, I can see dear little Nannie. Stronger but tons, There is the Canary bird singing away. There are the plants and the books, the pictures, and now Louie bites off her thread and smiles at Danny. Perhaps Granelpa is on the terrace, talking with Nannie. Heaven bless them. And there is another picture, of what I might have been if I had known enough, a better home and finer rooms, and myself there, and all that, perhaps we shall see it yet.

Father used to tell us better days were coming. I hope so. This awful separation, one half of ones heart torn out, is terrible to bear. How sweetly the Sun is shining into my window this afternoon, the first time for many days, and the thermometer is up to 72°.



I have bought some books. among  
the rest. "Dana's "Two years before the  
war" "I have just read it how dif-  
ferent a Soldier's life then from now.  
I got Whittier's latest works. "among  
the Hills." how sweet it is Good Mrs.  
Whittier" he must be a good man.  
he is a Quaker I suppose. My  
Downeast apples are most gone.  
how nice they are. they never was  
so good at home. And are they  
enjoying them to-day is the old  
pitcher filled up with them. and do  
they drink to the absent ones.  
Ah, there is no use to think  
otherwise. A gap is there.  
we know it. John and  
Chin have gone. Ring sleigh  
bells, trot your fast horses. laugh  
ye gay ones. Flutter ribbons and  
scarfs. but one sits there thinking  
of the days that are past.



3rd Paper.

Monday. Dec. 21st. 10 Days out.  
Here we are in the N.E. Trades and  
a beautiful day. Sun shining bright  
and the Sky Clear. Therm 73 gives  
a change from the Land of ice and  
Snow.

The sun reaches his highest  
Southern declination today, and  
is now on his way to the North.  
Now "the days begin to lengthen,"  
"And the Cold begins to strengthen"  
in New England. But we are  
stretching away through the tropics  
to the Equator, and it will be  
warm enough for us. If the  
Franklin keeps on at this  
rate she will make a rapid  
passage to the Line, if she don't  
sail so fast as the Fearless. She  
is not so bad as I thought she  
was, so we have nothing to be disappointed  
in.



How funny it sounds to be calling the *Franklin*. She, when her noble old predecessor of that name, was the most veritable old malle that ever hoied. And there he stands on her bow, with his hands in his hands, and we call his namesake she. But so it is in sailor phraseology. I never knew why.

I am something like a cat in a strange garret, here, as every thing is so different from the "*Fearless*", I don't know no more what is around than a man in the moon. As Captain Bursley left no memoranda for me to go by. Well, it's something new, and bully fun to find out. I've got a whole year's numbers of *Harpers Weeklys* to bind & cut, and look at and read, ain't that a treat.

P. Lyndon



Dec 23rd - in the "Lopecis"  
it beautiful pleasant and  
all that day -

Christmas. 14 Days  
from N York. Lat 18° North.  
Thermometer is so you see  
it is decidedly warm. And  
we have sailed a great many  
hundreds of miles in the last  
two weeks. it ought to be  
warm. The ship performs  
well, and all goes merrily on,  
let it go. Three weeks ago to-  
day I left home, Can I ever  
forget that? How are they  
all this Christmas day? a little  
colder I guess than we are.

"New England. New England"  
thy home over the sea.  
My heart as I wander.  
Turns fondly to thee.



We will cut the Christmass  
cake Louise made me. to-  
day, and eat our last home  
apple. We think of them all  
to-day. Oh yes, it would be  
no use to write about that. They  
know it.

"What thronging memories come".  
I have given the Seiler's a  
Holiday to day, and a plum  
pudding. They are jewel  
able men, and will do  
justice to it.

one year ago to day this ship  
and the one I commanded lay  
side and side in the yard,  
We had our boat race that  
day. 14 boats, and a merry  
time into the bargain. Where  
are they all now?

Voyage of the Franklin  
Continued.

4th Paper -  
18 Days out

Lat 11.° 00' N -

We are bowling along, at the rate  
of 185 miles per day. But the  
old Ship has to work hard to  
do it. She pounds away at  
the sea, and makes it fly  
in all directions. The Spray  
is flying over us all the time.  
There are lots of Flying Fish  
in Company.

Last night by way  
of Change. the Sailor on the "look-  
out," got a sleep. The officer  
of the deck, caught him in the  
act and very properly cuffed  
him for it. Whereupon he drew  
his knife and threatened to cut  
Mr Bell's guts out. The next thing  
he knew he was in irons. when he  
remains at present with ample



time to reflect upon the folly of  
his conduct.

If there is any-  
thing that a man on board ship  
ought to be permitted for, it is  
going to sleep when he is at  
the lookout, for upon him de-  
pends the safety of the ship and  
cargo and all the lives on board.  
Ships are crossing one another's  
tracks all the time, and a  
timely word from the lookout  
will save collision. Many  
ships have gone down this way  
and never heard of after.

"But such is life."

This is Sunday  
and a beautiful day, too warm  
for under clothes. But yet a week  
ago it was cold as Greenland -

Byron says something about changes  
appropriate to this but I can't think  
of it now. no matter



Monday. Dec. 28th  
Lat. 8.30' North. Long. 30.00' West

Nothing particular to-day - the weather is fine and sky smoky. Let our prisoner out of irons. There does not seem to be any harm in him. I read the "Gospel Banner" last night till after ten o'clock. The Universalists do believe that they are a lovely lot. They ought not to take so much self-conceit to themselves.

I wish I could find a creed that suits me. I haven't yet. The Good Lord won't cast me off though. I don't believe because I can't pin my faith to men's dogmas.

There is an old saying among sailors. "Every man for him self, and the devil for us all." That might be slightly changed and



read the Log for us all.

A few years day -  
21 Days out. Latitude  $1^{\circ}56'$  miles  
Port.

Here we are again another year  
is gone. a very eventful one too. to  
me. I might write an essay  
about it, if I knew enough. But  
what's the use. I was in hopes  
though it would have found us  
over the line (Equator). But never  
mind; we are only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from  
it, and that's pretty good for  
the Franklin in 21 Days.  
The Fearless never beat it  
much. Three weeks from Port  
& etc from Home. Our voyage  
is well begun. Yesterday a  
"Hush mouth" sailor came aft  
with his cluff. to know if there  
was enough for a man to go  
on. He went off with a "flea  
in his ear."

# 5th Paper

New Years day. 21 days  
from Port.

and Pilgarlic is 35!

today. Some pleasant recollections  
come with the day. 21 of them have  
been passed in hard service, and  
I don't know. Pilgarlic may be  
micked, but he thinks if he had  
those early years to live over  
he would almost rather die.

The thermometer is 80.3 in my  
Cabin. What is it in Maine? Some-  
what different I fancy. Pil  
says, "What are you constantly  
looking back to Maine for? What  
did you come away for? Ah!  
that is a hard question to answer.  
There is something very magnetic  
about that place. if it is cold  
and homely. and sometimes un-  
kind. The place is perfect, you know



I left a very pretty picture too  
A nice little cottage comfortable  
and convenient. overlooking the  
River (and those beautiful Piers)  
and the road. Cozy little rooms  
with favorite Pictures. Books, Birds  
and flowers. A sweet faced girl,  
some would call her a woman per-  
haps, but I don't think she's changed  
much. Since she was a girl, and  
now a younger one with beautiful  
great eyes. and pouting lips. and  
Danny, who can describe Him?  
The nicest baby that ever lived.  
"Chin! come take the baby." and  
now we go to breakfast. the nicest  
little meal that ever was. Lou says  
as she turns the coffee. what you  
looking at? Nothing Nothing. And  
what have you left all this for  
dear P.C.

"Let him go to sea and get  
money to buy me dresses with." groans  
Daddy.



And Little Danible, Durable.  
Honorable Dingo I never too

One simple Prayer that this  
35th year of my life may leave  
me a better man. that I may  
learn my faults, slowly though it  
be, and in all humility and  
meekness. bear my just punish-  
ment. With all thankfulness for  
the good I have got from them,  
and a full realization that I may  
never see another, but a hope  
that I may see enough, to see the  
the great wish of my life consum-  
mated, by their hands and voices, in the  
His help; that my sins may be  
acknowledged and forgiven, as  
I forgive others their sins against  
me. And that when, if I do  
not live, I shall be understood  
and not judged too harshly.

So mote it be



And now I'll let's look  
back and put on this paper  
when we were a few years days past  
and gone.

1868. Hongkong, China. 1867. Borneo home  
from China. 1866. 9 Days from Boston  
Borneo to S Francisco. 1865. off coast  
of South America bound to S Francisco  
from N York - 1864 - in Shanghai  
1863. in Manila - 1862. at home  
no. bound home from San Francisco  
to New York. 1861. at Home (over)  
1860. at sea in ship Dolphin from  
Boston for Batavia. 1859. at home (over)  
1858. from Boston Bound to Batavia  
1857. " " " " "  
1856. " " " " "  
1855. In Calcutta mate of ship " dried -  
grave, 21 years old.  
1854. at home - 1853. on Board ship  
Carpenter of Boston from Charleston S.C.  
Bound to Havre. See memo.  
1852. at Charleston in same ship  
before the mast  
1851. In Pensacola on board same  
ship  
1850. from New York to Liverpool boy  
on board Packet ship James Wright  
1849. on board Schooner Attakapas  
from Boston to Attakapas Louisiana  
first voyage. 15 years old

Voyage of the Franklin  
6th Paper

Sunday, 3rd Jan'y 1869, 23 days  
Lat.  $12^{\circ}$  South,

Off we go, crossed  
the Equator yesterday 22 Days  
from N. Y. not so bad for the Frank-  
lin. And now we are booming off for  
the Brazilian Coast. with the S.E.  
Trades strong and full.

Saw a Ship  
this morning coming out of the darkness.  
She looked like a spectre. She was  
going to England. let her go, we  
don't envy her. What glorious  
weather.

A few years, morning we  
saw a beautiful Double Arcus  
It almost touched the Ship. and  
it laid right over the N.W. Horizon  
over our dear native land. my birth-  
day.  
What's that to do with me?



My Hitten grows fast and is very sociable. I hope she will be as good as old "Tomikin" in the Fencer.

My Apples hold out nicely. how much better apples taste down here. I have got on all white clothes to day. I can't help thinking of the last time I had them on.

I have not thought of making any baskets yet. I have had enough else to think of. I have got my letters all written to send home by the first ship that comes. "Where's the ship?"

Echo answers where

I have not got any Steelyards or scales here to get weighed on. but I believe I am growing fat. I have got my hair cut close. and most of my beard.

M. "How-how d'we look?"



Jan'y 4<sup>th</sup>. 24 Days out  
Lat 4°36' South.

I might as well fill this page with a Statement of the distance sailed from N York to the Equator. It was 3839 miles in 22 days. or  $174\frac{1}{2}$  miles per Day. We were in the N.E Trades 9 Days and sailed 1604 miles or  $178\frac{2}{9}$  miles per day.

Some distance to go, but we sailors don't think any thing of it. It is a very easy way of traveling. if one could go from N.Y. to S Francisco as easy (the distance is about the same). they would willingly be 22 days on the journey.

" We passed the Island of Fernando Noronha" to day but did not see it. only a little white bird came to us. a "Silver Wing".





- 7th Paper -

Friday Jan'y 8th. 1869. 28 days out

Latitude.  $15^{\circ}00' S$ . Longitude.  $36^{\circ} W$

The "Franklin" is making a fine run, for any ship, and Splendid for her. Yet not us but the beautiful wind, that carries us a long, long way it last. at this rate, we shall be off Rio Janeiro. a month out!

As Friday comes round I cannot help thinking of home. as it was on that day I left. that day I sailed. Five weeks have flown quickly away, and it finds me with the Thermometer, at  $80\frac{1}{2}$  in my cabin. but a good deal warmer on deck. How finds it the "loved ones at home"? not quite so warm I fancy.

"Battle of New Orleans"  
anniversary



I have been making out a list  
 Fleet. owned by Mr F Weld & Co.

1	Enoch Train	Capt Lane	1780	2000
2	Golden Fleece	"	Wilcomb	1600
3	Belvidere	"	Howes	1300
4	Fearless	"	Ballad	1200
5	Competitor			1100
6	Peruvian	"	Thompson	1200
7	Sacramento (new)	"	Leunt	1500
8	Franklin	"	Drew	1200
9	Alvada	"	Nicholls	1100
10	Sonora (new)		Hutchinson	1500
11	Borneo	"	Smith	800
12	Argonaut	"	Gardner	800
13	Isabell (Bark)	"	Rich	700
14	E. W. Farnsworth (Bark)	—		600

The renowned

United States  
 Genl Grant  
 Steamers of the  
 Capt Norton 1500  
 " Quick 1500



of the Ships in the "Black Horse"  
I will put it in here just for Fair:

George Peabody, Capt	Lane.	15 <sup>Lane</sup> 00
Orpheus	.. Brownell	14 00
Galatea	.. Cook	11 00
Asa Eldridge	.. Baker	13 00
Volunteers		11 00
California (new)	.. Adams	12 00
Anahuac (new)	.. Pennel	14 00
Humbolt (the oldest)	.. Proctor	6 00
Java (new)	.. Bassett	11. 00
New Ship Building for Jackson		18. 00
Rainbow	.. Thayer	6 00
Agnes	.. Clapp.	7 00
Pockett (bark.)	.. Dill	5 00

Yacht "Vesta" 250

"Merchants line"

• Crescent City 15 00  
• Genl Sherman & Genl Meade 11 00 (ca)



There! That is a list of the  
Ships I can think of, and I  
believe there is one or two more  
and three more to be built. the  
largest fleet owned by one firm  
in America, and every one  
first class ships.

I require some  
energy to keep them a going, and  
some Capital.

We caught the largest  
Flying Fish yesterday I ever  
saw. he was 13 inches long  
and made a very decent meal  
for the mate and myself.

Mr Call, the  
Sec mate has been sick and off  
duty now four days, with new  
colic. I am standing his watch.  
It is real fun to be Sec mate  
once more.

The Carpenter is also  
laid up with the same complaint.  
How lucky I am not a carpenter.



8th. Paper

Sat. 10th. Jan'y 29 Days out

Lat. 17° 00. Off the coast Brazil

Today we have been boarded by a  
boat from the Whaling Schooner "John-  
Randolph." Capt Coggeswell of  
Fair Haven. He was 13 mos out,  
had taken considerable oil. He  
had no news from home, and wanted  
papers. I gave him lots of them. He  
could hardly believe we was only  
29 Days out. But there were the  
papers of Dec 10th! He said he  
had Scurvy on board. So I gave him  
a barrell of some beets, turnips, onions,  
Codfish, & rye meal. To make brown  
bread of. in return he gave me a  
keg of Sperm oil. and some pumpkins  
which he had got on the Coast of  
Africa. I sent letters home, and  
Oh how I hope they will get them.  
He took dinner with me, a plain  
dressed, pleasant man, that looked more  
like a farmer than a sailor. And



what a life! he leads away from  
his family; in a little thing 83 tons.  
He was very much interested in the po-  
litical news, and highly delighted to  
think Grant was President. He knew  
all the Coxes, and felt bad when I  
told him of Capt Arthur's death.  
He was also well acquainted with  
my Uncle's Pierce. We had a  
very pleasant chat, and parted  
with many wishes on both sides to  
meet again.

And now too soon we part  
"To sail those silent seas again <sup>in pain</sup>

But what pleased him most was  
some apples. I had a few left  
and gave him some, he danced  
right up and down. So it is, nothing  
will operate on a man (if he is a man)  
like a long separation from home. The  
old flog waving over a noble ship  
just from home, is enough to set a  
homeward-bonder crazy, if anything is.

One month out

Latitude  $21^{\circ}30'$  South.

Pretty good for us, but the wind is getting light now, no vessels in sight to-day. Pilgarlic has been in his new duty of Captain and second mate, just a week. Mr Call does not mend much, and so I have to do his duty. I rather like it, when I do sleep now I sleep sound. And then I can think over everything in my long night watches. Thus, Pilgarlic how old are you? 35! you aint done much yet have you Pil? No @ cant see's I've done anything. Pil you are getting old, you can never have any more boyish days, no they are all gone. You used to look forward Pil to the time when you would go home, and have a bully time, walking and riding, rowing sailing swimming and bathing, going to see your friends &c, I believe you went home last summer, gave up



your ship to have a good time, you needed  
it bad enough. Did you have as good  
a time as you expected? yet, better.

Did you put your old plan in operation  
No, never went in swimming once. did  
not have a sail and hardly a ride - or  
a single frolic. Why now Pil, what's  
the reason. Well, I found other things  
to take up my attention. I found I  
liked taking care of my boy better; singing  
with my little girl, and helping my wife,  
and some how I found there was a good  
deal to do on my place, and I got  
actually to thinking I must keep to  
work and doing something every  
day, and I took more pleasure in  
that, and before long I got to thinking  
that, supposing, I could get no ship  
and nothing to do, who would pay the  
taxes & insurance and take care of the  
children &c - and I went right off  
and got a chance to go to sea.

Indeed! Well now you tell me you are  
going steady ten years. Yes please God  
and I don't get anything better. Why  
Pil, you will be old then, I know  
it. I have thought it all over. I must  
make the best use of my time now.



I have not done so well as I might  
and now. I must improve every  
moment.

But ten years. you must  
want to row your boat, or play then -  
you will be forty five. Precisely so.  
I have thought of that too, and have  
given it all up, as a pleasant dream.  
And now I hope though the next ten  
years will be the best of my life, to  
make them the most useful and get  
enough to last me, but God knows.  
I may not live, if I don't it is all  
right. Well Pil I should  
think you'd want to see a little of  
your wife, and babies, true, never  
so much as now that I know  
them, what you going to do in that  
case? Why I have thought that  
all over too, and believe I shall take  
them with me, at least one voyage.  
Sink or swim, we will go to gether.  
Ah Pil take care, take care, they  
are tender plants. I know it



But those that go to see, do as well as  
any I believe. I shall risk it at any  
rate. Well, I believe you are right.  
but ten years Pil, what changes!  
Your Father & mother are already  
old. Your Wifes old home. your  
Children how fast they will grow up.  
And, so many other things - Yes  
but God is ever the same. I am  
this creature I am in communication  
with him all the time

Eight Bells!

"All lar bowlines aheey!"

"Keep

Lar S S M. Lar V - Keep your lights  
a burning. and a sharp look  
out for vessels."

And so Pilgar-  
lie is seen in the land of nod  
for four hours.



- P.H. Paper -

Lat.  $24^{\circ}30'$  South. 33 days out

Away fast. Rio Janeiro and fine breeze after us. Sea smooth and bright and sky brighter.

Yesterday we spoke a Yankee brig. the "Henry & Louisa." (Not John Henry & Louisa). She came close to us. he said he was 5 days from Rio bound to New York. and would report us. So they will hear of us at home in a month if nothing happens.

The sun was overhead yesterday, and passed us on his way north. Fareme away old Sol. You and I have met before. I have often begged of you to carry plenty of light and warmth to the dear ones, and bring me good tidings from them, and to guide me back to them again. I won't ask you any more, for you

will do it I know; and you will  
look into the windows I lived to  
look in at, and you will throw on  
the Old Kennebec, and make it all  
beautiful just as though I was  
there looking at it. And that ga-  
den that I was too lazy to hoe in,  
you will look put for that, won't  
you Old Sol? And when Sam  
and Danny go out you'll follow  
them and take care of them. And as  
for me, why let the wind take of me.  
It's not much matter about this old  
carcass. I don't deserve much. There  
"belay that Pil," Go and tend to  
your sick second mate. Oh dear,  
my sec mates are always in a cat-  
egory, as Captain Truck says.  
I wish I could get them out. 20  
grains of Quinine. a few drops of  
Elixir vitriol, and water. Sugar of Lead  
for the Eyes. Lodiels Potassium, for  
Scrophula, a "little mine for the Stomach's  
sake



Once in a while I get doubtful  
about my spiritual welfare.  
Whether I am doing as I ought  
to or not. Reading some book will  
start me. I try and look down  
deep into my heart and see  
what is there. "What do you see  
Pil"? — nothing very good. it  
looks bad enough. I see so many  
giving themselves up to the doctrine  
of Jesus. and trusting all to  
their moulded faith, and what  
has been handed down to them,  
that I exclaim to myself. So  
many. They must be right. and  
I dive into the new testament  
and read. till it all is a blur  
before me. Then I pray Oh Lord  
if I am an Unbeliever. have  
mercy. forgive and "teach them  
me oh Lord, that which Thou  
wouldest have me believe." And  
Thou oh Lord Jesus that me an



taught to believe. not ready to  
hear. Come to me, and help thou  
my unbelief. I cannot of my-  
self be reconciled to all. They  
would have me. Thy precepts  
are the highest the grandest of all  
They love the present. But they all  
strike me as having been through  
all ages. and are but the still  
small voice ever speaking to us  
from our own hearts. and they  
strike a chord in every bosom. Then  
I find myself asking myself. Is  
this Jesus the offspring of these truths  
the Highest good wrought into man-  
hood? for the example? or are they  
born of him, And was He God  
Come to give them to us. But why  
needs be called "Son of God." I  
am not enlightened on that subject  
Why has this thing been left so obscure?  
Then I fall back on the Father. Him  
I never doubted, He has made all the  
grand universe and me and you in  
it. He loves his children. Am I mistaken  
for this?



I try hard to believe, would that I  
could. Then again I say, believe is  
Pill. it is the best doctrine ever devised  
It can do you no harm, it makes  
millions happy. Here all the ~~is~~ doubtings  
are at an end. They find rest at last  
on the bosom of Jesus. But, Can I be  
true to myself, when some one asks me  
if I really believe in all that has  
been so obscurely handed down to us?  
I can't do it yet. And so I  
go, I believe it is all right. I trust  
in Him who made me. And I be-  
lieve am as happy as very many  
good Christians, but the moment  
I touch, doctrine, or its necessity,  
the mysterious future. I am in the  
dark, and what this existence is  
what it has been, or is to be. Oh  
how lost in the maze of thought, no  
light breaks in upon me. In His  
own good time, I may know. He may  
lead me, or give me to know

I cannot but liken it to what once  
happened me on board Ship. The  
left Port in a great hurry, for a long  
voyage. Scarcely any thing was ready.  
The wind blew a great gale, and  
every arm was strained to its utmost  
to get ready for night and the worst.  
The gale raged on, but as long as  
daylight lasted, and we could see  
the Compass to steer by, our stout  
Ship pressed boldly on, for the wind  
was fair. But suddenly it began to  
snow, early night set in on us at once.  
And the Helmsman. Called for a light  
to see the Compass by. A light, Steward!  
a light in the binnacle? but the Steward  
had neglected to trim his lamps. it  
was winter and then we found our oil  
was congealed, the Stone Kuber had no  
Spirits on board, and it would  
not burn. Now the Ship yawed wild-  
ly, this way, and that, the great hungry  
waves seethed up along side and fell  
over us. No friendly Star was there to  
guide the Ship to, all was confusion



and blackness. But the Captain  
who stood on the main holding on  
to the rigging, one hand feeling of  
the wheel, now "Port, Steady, Star-  
board. Keep her right before the wind."  
Thought of his Cannells. They were hit  
put in the binacle, brought the nec-  
dle out in plain sight. And the  
Ship's head brought to her point, and  
all was plain and safe.

C. O., write me.

Sometimes, Oh Lord for light, light  
to find the way. I cannot see the  
Compass, it is so dark. Then I  
hear a voice, "Trust in God."  
He will send you light ere the  
billows swamp you.

"Hark! hark to God the Chorus breaks.

Sometimes. I find myself longing  
to be the hero of some great deed.  
But we cant all be heroes in one  
sense of the word, then I hear a  
voice, "Now you are" here's your  
sphere, be a hero now, yours  
is the Ship, officers and men, the  
world, and oh yourself, is then  
no deep, hidden, cankering sin  
to be overcome? in your own self?  
Then I go and hide my head in  
shame, that I have gone in sin  
so long. And so this New Year,  
with our 35 years of age, has  
commenced the battle. "God Speed  
the right." "Physician heal thyself."  
A holy calm sometimes, tells me I  
shall win, then again I am almost  
in despair, and have no more strength  
to fight than a child. Thus I come  
back to the old saying, "He is always  
the Hero, of his own story."



The Steward is a hero at any rate,  
he gets up all sorts of dishes. Contrives  
endless messes of this and of that.  
whirls the plates about, rings the  
knives and forks, clatters the spoons.  
Flaunts his towels & dish cloths  
to the breeze. And does all his  
work complete.

He has watched  
me; fix my fish for dinner. (Louise  
says she never saw any body fudge up  
such a mess). And to day, he come  
in with the Fish all cut just as  
I cut it. it was handy. He gets  
up the best stripped fish I ever ate.  
I live plain now, no passengers, and  
I dont want any extras. It is as  
much as I can do to keep the Steward  
within bounds. He makes splendid  
Rye & Indian Bread. that is plain  
wholesome and sweet. I have plenty  
of rye for the first time.

When Alvin gets back again he will  
be a tousing cook.

To-day we are  
in 30 South Latitude 36 days  
out, and skirting the coast of  
South America in splendid style.  
The ship moves along as stately as  
a mountain, hardly a motion.  
all is quiet, save the everlasting  
rush-sh-sh of the waves. How that  
sound has grown into my very life.  
Why couldn't I have brought my  
family? How are they. Little  
Daddy Sammie singing "Then do some  
thing to do." And Dannie. Chirrup  
ing away. While the old Lady has  
gone over to Happy's house. They  
are getting ice on the Kennebec  
now, while the thermometer is 84  
here. I hope they will get the  
letters I sent home on the 8th inst.  
How glad they will be, and  
How I wish I could see them.

I'll send you



10th paper

Tuesday, Feb'y 2nd. Fifty Three days out  
Lat.  $53\frac{1}{4}$  South. Long.  $64^{\circ} 38'$  West

Pilgarlic has not written for some-  
time so he thinks he will scribble  
a little to-day. We are getting  
along nicely though a little slow.  
"Haten Lanel." the S.O point of  
South America is 75 miles South  
of us. and I hope to see it tomorrow.  
one thing about this passage. we never  
have gone back any, every day we  
have made something. And the  
result is we have made a very  
descent passage thus far. though  
we may spare it all yet. Certain-  
ly I don't refuse to any thing very  
high in the Franklin. Still, if God  
should will it, we could go to  
our port in 125 days. easy from  
St. York. wouldn't that be fine.

They have such a poor opinion of  
the Franklin's sailing qualities at

done. I have been a very pleasant passage thus far. jink the one for a lady. Smooth water no gales, no calms and all one could wish. Some how or other, I don't see so much bad weather as I used to. perhaps the stormiest part of my life is over. I ever was you'll more battered and tossed about than I was.

We have been surrounded by Whales to day. It seemed as though they were watching us, enquiring into our business. Spouting the water up all around. Large quantities of Kelp are floating past. Also the birds fill the air. Great white Albatross. Whell about watching us, as much as the whales. We have not seen any vessels since we passed the La Plata River. we passed a number there. One day we sailed through a sea of stuff that



Looked as though all the old  
~~Street~~ beds in the world had been  
thrown into the Atlantic Ocean.  
It was Fish Spawn. (on a large  
scale). There is a kind of bird  
here that lives under water a long  
time, I don't know their name,  
but they have a peculiar cry, like  
a human being. One evening at  
eight bells. The second mate  
screamed out "where is the watch"  
"where". was echoed way off on the  
port Quarter. I jumped and looked  
"here" it called again. almost  
human. it fairly startled me. it  
was so like the last halloo of some  
wretched Cartaway. it was one of  
those birds.

The sun rises now at  
4 in the morning, and sets at 8 in the  
evening. the last time I came along  
it set at 3 in the afternoon. It is  
some different now. No passengers



This time. All gone. those stout hearts  
that followed me so long. where  
are they? Noble Old Peasem:  
how fares it? Poor old Swills  
where are you? And Chips. how  
I wish you were here. But it's  
all right. The hearts strength is  
not well known till it is thrown  
among strangers. it loses strength.  
But God Bless ye old hearts, when  
ever ye are. You will learn to  
love the days passed in the Fear-  
less.

Ah well do I remember the  
day we saw Staten Land last  
voyage. it was the 4th. we were  
a happy crew. we killed our  
pigs. for a feast. we saw our com-  
rade. the Annie. E. Weston. we  
flamted our best flags. and pain-  
ted away for our destined port.  
But how soon the sun went down  
in gloom. "The awful shadow of  
death was over us."



11th. Paper

Sunday. Feby. 7th. 58 Days out.

Cape Horn in sight north of us.  
Pretty good for the Franklin P.  
How are you to day? Sunday  
is a great day for you to look back.  
Well, yes. nine Sundays ago  
was in New York, ten Furs  
at home. and went to Sabbath  
school with my little girl. I  
look with great pleasure on that.  
But here we are. This old ocean  
that treated me so stormily last  
voyage, is now as calm and peace-  
ful as though it never knew a gale.  
we have had summer weather all,  
the way, not rough weather enough  
to excite us. Two days we  
have been becalmed off Staten  
Land with weather that would  
do justice to July in Maine;  
we saw it just as I expected,  
in company with 4 other ships

11  
The Chronometers were just right  
and the Compass that bothered me  
so, shall prove just right so much,  
but these things are getting to be matters  
of course. I ain't so proud of them as  
I used to be. Ah! I remember well,  
my first exploit, it was coming through  
the Straits of Le Maire, in the night  
in a gale. Close by here. How  
proud I felt, & I feel one then was  
peace to his memory, that felt as  
proud as I did. He was my  
Companion then. Let his spirit with  
us now? Noble Payson. He has  
gone to a better world. And we are  
left to go through these same battles  
again, and again. Then 'twas all  
gales now it is pleasanter. It did  
not seem then as though as even it  
could be pleasant. So I keep on  
thinking. I have lots of time to think.  
We have had as many as eight  
vessels of every description in sight at  
once



One was a whaler the bark  
Emily Morgan of New Bedford,  
left N.B. Nov 10th, just 32 days  
ahead of us. had been in company  
with us two days. He sent his  
boat to us with the Sec mate, Capt  
Dexter of Holmes Hole sent his  
compliments and requested papers  
I sent him whole files. He said  
the Captain had just been married,  
had his little boy on board (by a  
former wife). his wife was coming  
out to meet him at the Islands  
next fall. After he had been a  
season up to Kodiak. How it  
set me to thinking about my wife.  
She must come next voyage. I  
avoid that man. We saw a Bath  
Ship The "Charles Davenport"  
Then we signalized an English ship  
the "Bristolian" of Bristol bound  
to San Francisco. 76 days out.  
he wanted us to report him,



The Franklin sails as well as any  
of them. This morning we saw  
Cape Horn at daylight. then it  
shut in thick fog, and so remain.  
Where are the boys that were with  
me the last time I saw it? You  
are all strangers now.

Well Pil-  
garlic. you are just as well off,  
perhaps better. you have a good  
ship good officers and crew.

"Yes, but one is never satisfied you  
know."

Sam Campbell. Came aft  
the other day looking terribly discour-  
aged. I thought some body had been  
whipping him. Well says I, what's  
the matter Sam? "I want to

study sir." Indeed, who hinders  
you? "I want some books." well

I haven't got any, you will have  
to study what you've got 'till you  
get in. Pierce is studying Phys-

ic and Geography. gets a lesson every  
day. He would think it if he could  
but I make him.



12<sup>th</sup> paper

Saturday. Feb'y 13<sup>th</sup>. 84 Days out  
Lat.  $56^{\circ}30'$  South. Long.  $71^{\circ}00'$  west.

A hard beat!

For four days we have been beating about, against head winds and strong currents. one day when we thought we had done well we found we had drifted right to where we started from the day before. Two days we were becalmed in sight of those Islands, the Diego Ramirez. with the tide whirling us round and round as though we were in a boiling pot. it round and tossed along side, and spit at us out of perfect contempt. and it took a good breeze to get us out of it. We have seen a good many ships, and signalized some, but they are all out of sight now. The water is a beautiful purple blue, It is one of the voices that speaks to of us of danger, for when we approach the shore, and on our soundings it turns a sickly green. One night as we were



Drawing in to the coast, it was so thick  
we could not see anything. The water  
changed all at once from Blue to green,  
so we tacked quick enough, and stood  
off.

Pilguski has been a little sick  
for a couple of days. Anxiety and  
Calm brought on a foul Stomach and  
severe head ache, just enough to show  
me what a mean thing it is to be sick  
at sea. But it's all right. All right.  
He has no cause to complain. For two  
years he has not had an ache or a  
pain. What solitude this is, how  
still. Lots of time to think. What queer  
fancies come. What visions of the  
past and future. But what has  
Pill to do with Either. The present?  
The present? "Heart within and  
Sword over head" The past is gone.  
The future no man can foresee.  
The present is all we have.



Lat. 47°30' S. Long. 84°09' West, S. Pacific  
Sunday. Feb; 21st. 72 Days

Crawling along. Nothing to write about,  
only it is Cold. Chilly weather. but  
it grows warmer. No Company  
save the Albatross. Rather curi<sup>ous</sup>  
Chicken. Pigeons. and large schools  
of White bellyed Porpoises, they are  
a beautiful sight They have been  
sporting about all day, turning  
their sides up and laughing at us.  
One of the Sailors Caught one. And in  
so doing got overboard. but got back.  
again. The birds are our constant  
Companions. Sometimes a big old  
Albatross may be seen coming right  
straight at you, His large wings  
(15 feet from tip to tip sometimes) perfectly  
horizontal and not moving a hair!  
they scale along this way for a long  
time. When close too they cast their  
head side ways. and ogle us with



their great black eyes. so like a  
human being. that it seems as though  
they were going to speak. I often  
think of the Steamer on the Kennebec  
coming up the river head on. nothing  
in motion in sight Her two great  
wheels at her sides extended like the  
wings of the bird. and so we  
imagine all kind of things. for  
we haven't much else to do. Time  
nears away. we are becalmed every  
other day yesterday we had a nice  
breeze. and the old ship bowled along  
right merrily. we saw a large ship  
bound around Cape Horn. the only  
one we have seen for a week.

filled  
Two of our Hogs yesterday. and are  
having a banquet of pork to day.  
So we don't mind Lent much  
as to eling is the 22d Sunday. Reading  
Pickwick papers now. Away. away.  
To the home of my child<sup>hood</sup> & <sup>travelling</sup>. Pili  
says he thinks that I think too much  
of my childhood. and I had better think  
something of my manhood.



- 13th Paper -

Lat. 42 South. Long 85 west - Pacific Ocean  
80 Days out  
Church 1st

Pilgarlic thinks it ain't much use  
to write. But it's been so long since  
he wrote any that he has concluded  
to venture a line or so today.

We have been becalmed now over  
a week. And the high hopes we had  
of making a quick passage are all  
gone. yet we are content. for we  
might have done worse. Thanks for  
the fine run we had from St York  
to Cape Horn. When any one is  
becalmed at sea, it seems as  
though there never would be any wind  
again. And we begin to think of  
the time when our water will be  
all gone. of The "Ancient Mariner"  
perched with thirst. And a thou-  
sand wild forebodings flit over  
us. Then comes the case of the Cap-  
tain. oh the anxiety. Happy is  
he who can put them far from him.



Oh Pil you are never satisfied  
When you are at home surrounded  
with all you wish, you long for the  
deck of a Stout Ship again, and  
here you are fretting at imaginary  
evils. "Your right worthy Epit." help  
me to be a better man."

We have  
a Ship in sight to day. a good  
mays off. I guess shes a whaler.  
The sea birds have nearly all left  
us. Pil saw a couple land birds  
to day. and a porpoise. yester-  
day. the mates saw a Shark. here  
days the water is filled with @  
wonderful Medusae. such as  
I never saw before. one specimen  
looked just like a huge eel, it  
was seven or eight feet long, and  
had a beautiful crest the whole  
length of its back. Others again  
looked like the Head and body  
of a lobster, with protruding



Black Spots like his eyes.

We were  
over run with rats, last night  
they held high Carnival. at last  
they invaded my room. two of them  
visited me in my berth. I jumped  
shut the door. Sprang out of bed.  
Knocked my brains almost out  
on the Chronometer box. hit the  
barometer, and sent the mercury  
higher than ever it went before.  
and then began to battle my intruders  
round and round the ring of roses  
we went, they chasing me and I  
them sometimes jumping on them.  
but they would manage to get away  
with a piece their tails under my  
foot. till at last. Pilgashic got  
them in a tight place. and they were  
beat. They are desperate characters.  
P'il killed three good fat ones  
Now the Chinamen's eyes glinted  
when he came to sweep my room in the  
morning.



This puts me in mind of a little  
Story. As Payson used to say.

It was on my first voyage master.  
Payson was passenger. Well the  
rats were thick as they are now  
They got ravenous for water, and  
finding that I left a little in my  
wash bowl, when they began their  
orgies nights. the first thing they done  
was to come and look in if I was  
out they would help themselves.

Payson played the Guitar nicely  
and I got an old fiddle from  
the cook. so we used to sit evenings  
and play in my room. the rats  
coming for water heard the music.  
It was very good and they liked it.  
so they would pass and repass the  
door with their ears open listening  
with the greatest delight in the world  
'till we stopped, then they would  
go off. so Shakespeare says the  
"soul that is not moved by a concord  
of sweet sounds is fit for stratagems  
treason & spoils." These rats  
know as much as human beings  
and are as cunning as foxes.



# 14th Paper

1st march -

"The stormy march has  
Come at last."

So I used to read  
in some old school book. but it ain't  
so today. There is not wind enough  
to fill the Sails. Well I can't  
help it. I wish they may have it as  
pleasant at home. I guess it is  
bustling enough there, but it will  
soon be over. that long tedious winter  
that so many dreaded is almost  
gone. And where and how are they  
"There I'll you're always thinking a-  
bout those things. That don't get you  
a living" I don't care I. B. P.  
says shall think of them. and proud  
I am to think of them, for I know  
they are thinking of me. And they  
are all I have to live for, and  
for that matter, I would die for  
them too, so, now, Come,



I see by looking on my Chart  
here close by. the Port of  
Islay de Blanco. it is in  
Latitude 25 South. on the South  
American coast. about half way  
between Callao and Valparaiso.  
Does my Good Lady remember  
somebody sail. Captain Bowker  
was bound to Pailey. round the  
Horn? I said there was no such  
place. But I suspect the above  
named port is the place. it is  
a small town on the open sea. with  
out any commerce at all. and  
is not down on any of the old Charts.  
It was visited by the great earthquake  
last year. I hope this will explain the  
affair. "that's all".

I am now two days  
ahead of the quickest passage ever made  
by the Franklin to S Francisco. 137 days & under  
the renowned Capt Nelson. I do hope  
to keep it up.



March. 11th. 90 Days out  
Lat.  $26^{\circ}$  South. Long. 90. West.

One quarter of a year at sea!  
One quarter of the distance round  
the globe! We have fine  
S.E. trades now, and the old  
ship is bowling along right merrily.  
With all her wings out. The air  
is delightful, the sea smooth and  
sparkling. it curls as crisp as  
as though it was filled with  
ladies hair ironed red hot, and  
laughs like a child. And that  
eternal ruck-sh-ch. It is right  
under my window all the time.  
So—

"Ships our cradles. decks our pillows  
Lulled by winds, and rocked on billows  
Gaily bound me o'er the tide,  
Hope our anchor, Heaven our  
Guide"



We have in company the ship Bristolian of Bristol, England. and have been for thirty days. She sails just the same as we do. we have also in sight a large American ship. and he sails the same. so the Franklin ain't the slowest ship in the world.

Pilgarlic has built a neat little Bench in his room. that answers for drawing table. writing table. with a vice on it. for a work bench. drawers for tools. Drawing and writing materials. &c - What next?

Oh it is so lonesome! I have been worrying about the water. a good deal. before we got this nice breeze. but now. we have decided there is sixty days water at one gallon per man per diem. so I am at rest on that score. It is such a terrible thing to be short of water in the tropics. the very thought of it makes one crazy with thirst. I mean to get some more water casks when we get in.



15<sup>th</sup> Paper

Palm Sunday. March 21<sup>st</sup>. 100  
Days  
out

5 Degrees South of the Equator in the  
Pacific - 110 degrees West Longitude

100 Days out, and a good many  
other things are out, our potatoes  
will be out soon, Well it ain't  
suffering much, when we get po-  
tatoes all the time. The South-  
east trades are most out, and  
the North East will soon be in.  
The Sun crosses the line today.  
and we have tried hard to get there  
a head, but he beat us. At any-  
rate we are one day ahead of the  
Fearless last voyage, and 1<sup>st</sup> days  
a head of the quickest voyage the  
Franklin ever made under her  
best Commanders which was held  
up as a guide for me, so I won't  
complain yet, Though we may be  
left in the lurch yet,



We have had a long spell of delightful weather, so peaceful and quiet that no one would know they were at sea, if they did not try hard to find out. Haven't had a gale since we left the coast. We have got her all tarred down. &c - and she will shine like a new boot. 'Tis dreadful lonesome, no body but Deck Bucket for Pilgashie to talk to. He begins to think about his letters now, and hopes to get them in a month. He thinks they are beginning to thaw out down east now, and wonders what they are all about, and how they all are. Danible I urable runs in his mind a good deal, and the two "Hunks." (Pardon the name, it's one the gave her self, and is quite as good as Pilgashie). Pil has been reading Rollin's Ancient History lately, with



all his night and morn, and  
he likes it better than he did.  
He has also been at work on  
a piece of poetry evenings, and  
written seventy verses, and fixed  
them up Skeleton fashion for further  
improvement. Some extracts  
he will put in this sleek Buck-  
et. He dont pretend to write  
anything of any account, it was  
only at the oft repeated solici-  
tation of his Aunt. that he wrote, and  
he has done as well as he could.  
He hopes they wont give any offence.

A year ago, we were just out  
of Manila, Homeward bound,  
Oh how happy were we, I cant  
forget it. Those happy days  
at home. And where is the  
Old Fearless now? She aint  
a patch to the Franklin is she  
D.B. (Hunks said twould be so)



I really don't know - as she would  
seil so fast. at any rate, I hope  
we shall be in S Francisco in  
30 days, and then, I guess I'll  
telegraph that's all.

Sam Campbell  
has got so he can steer like an old  
now, The second mate is all right  
after him. he has had a good time  
turning down. How Father L.  
would laugh at him if he could  
see him. he told him they'd crush  
him down when they got him at  
sea.

I wonder how quick the  
rolls, now days, and shall I hear  
from Levi when I get in.

And so we cheer our Patron Sunday.

Lord, in every minstrel tongue.

Be thy praise so duly sung.

That thine angels' harps may ring,  
Fain to find it echoing here:

Thou the while of meaner birth,

Who in that divinest spell

Dare not hope to join on earth

Give us grace to listen well. Amen.



16th Paper -  
North Pacific,  $8^{\circ}$  N.  $116^{\circ}$  W

1st April

111 Days out.

Calm! We have now been becalmed 8 days; It is terrible to be becalmed, after one has been at sea so long. Had we not got plenty of rain, our water would be short now, but thanks to Providence, we have been deluged in rain. Something very uncommon here. So we can stand it for a while. We have crossed the Equator since writing the last paper. the 50th time Pégasus has crossed it. We caught a Shark 9 feet long, and it took the whole watch to haul him (or her up, for it was a female). She had 10 young Sharks in her, and each two feet long, And I expect that is what has made all this Calm.



April Fool day, I wonder who  
Kearie will fool to day. Dear  
little soul. And Danny will  
be fooling somebody. Expect.  
I expect the ice is about breaking  
up in the Old river. And they'll  
have another summer before long.

And I — am all alone, alone.  
I have been reading Rollins an-  
cient History and have got most  
through. It is more interesting than  
a novel. I began to read the  
same volume a quarter of a  
Century ago! Father was very  
anxious for me to read it, but I  
thought it was so dry I could not  
go it. It is different now, I can  
see why he wanted me to read it.  
It would have made a better boy  
of me. How changed from the  
beginning to the ending. Finis



April 4th. Lat.  $14^{\circ}$  North Pacific  
114 Days out.

Away we go: the  
North East trade winds blow fresh  
and free, and never change. And  
this is Sunday. A glorious day.  
The old ship marching along,  
grand as can be. The saucy  
dears that try to stop her, she  
throws high up in the air and  
keeps straight on. We have had  
a good many days calm, but  
this beautiful breeze knocks them  
all into a cocked hat. So hurrah  
for San Francisco. it is only 15 days  
sail, away now. A year ago  
to day Poraz homeward bound  
from China. Poor D'Almeida  
died that day. Where are all  
that happy crew now?

We have  
had one little incident lately. My  
Steward a saucy Englishman did



hard to have his own way: but  
when he found he couldn't do that  
he grew ugly. I brought him out  
of that, and then he began to leave  
provisions aboard, and at last  
I caught him at it. When I charged  
him with it, he denied it, then  
I called him a liar, and ordered  
him forward. He then put his  
foot down and swore he never  
would go, with several other  
choice bits of Bilingsgate language.  
The result was, he found himself  
hung up to the mizzen stay before  
he knew it, with his toes just  
touching the deck. He stood that  
just two half days, and then,  
how he begged to be let down, how  
sorry he was for what he had done,  
so it is, at sea.

Pierce is the  
Flying Fishes. He keeps us supplied  
with Fresh fish. One day he  
caught 15 beautiful Boniter (about  
as large as large Bass), and has  
got his reputation up as a fishman.  
P.L.C.





5<sup>th</sup> Paper

4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1869.

Lat.  $19^{\circ}30'$  N. Long.  $171^{\circ}46'$  Pacific Ocean  
29 Days from S. Francisco. 6 from  
Honolulu.

Hear!

Here we are! A beautiful  
Day, (Sunday). We are Skimming  
gaily along from Sea to Sea. The  
water is beautifully blue. Our  
Awnings are Spread, for the Sun  
is hot, and there is no breeze, save  
the deep sh - sh - sh of the waves  
which never stops. A few aquatic  
birds follow us, and that is all.  
The Sun rises over the Stern in  
the morning, and sets right ahead  
at night! It is the old story, one  
that we know full well, don't we  
Pilgrims? And the passengers!  
Well Somebody said in a letter that  
the old Franklin would not get



any. I guess they don't know that  
we have got three Gentlemen and  
a lady in the Cabin, and a passen-  
ger in the Steerage. Mr Spear  
and Mr Fiske are first rate fellows.  
I like them better every day. The others  
are a Chinese merchant and his  
wife and a Kanaka woman. He  
has made his fortune in Honolulu  
and is going home. They are well  
bred, and as good passengers as  
ever I had. The other one is  
sick with Consumption, but a  
very likely fellow. So I have  
Company enough. every thing is  
as pleasant as ever it could  
be.

Messrs Spear & Fiske being,  
book agents on a large scale,  
have splendid Specimen books,  
and they have kindly shown  
them to me, to day. It was a real  
treat. The Books are splendidly



illustrated. They have in the Cabin  
The American Encyclopedia. A  
Splendid work, which with all its  
Annals is 32 vols. Mr. Shear  
reads from them every evening. Last  
night the Subject was The early & late,  
night before, Andrew Jackson.  
To day the "Immaculate conception"  
It just suits me. If I and the  
little ones were here I should  
want this to last always. Last  
week I overhauled my Shells  
there is just a draw full, and  
about 15 different kinds. Some  
of them very fine. To day the fourth  
we have had a very quiet time,  
and think of what is going on  
at home. A year ago, I was  
bound there and within three  
days sail of it. What a glorious  
time it was, so we get, now  
here, now there.



Time is flying away very fast  
We are nearly halfway to Hongkong  
I am very busy during the week  
Cutting and making sails. We  
have put a good many on the  
"Franklin". yesterday I cut  
a new main topsail. The most  
important sail of the ship. it took  
250 yds of No 1 Cotton duck,  
It is very pretty work. We have a  
good Sailmaker. The Carpenter  
has just got done repairing the  
damage when we first left N York.  
I have made one bracket and intend  
to make lots more. Mr Spear  
says he would not make one for  
\$50.00

I had a box of Cider given  
me in S. F. and a box of Cakes, I  
think they will be a good treat  
for us today -

Edgarbie





5th Paper -

July 9th, 33 days out

Lat  $18^{\circ}40'N$ . Long.  $178^{\circ}25'$  East.

One day gone out of our existence yesterday it was Wednesday the 7th today it is Friday the 9th. We lose one day in sailing round the world, and crossing the meridian of  $180^{\circ}$  from Greenwich. or half way round we blot it out and are in the Eastern Hemisphere.

It's an old story with me. But it is the first time the passengers were ever in it. My sounds are very faint. for I have not much to report. We have our regular readings from the Cyclopaedia, by evening. and they are very interesting. I have made two Brackets. Fixed up all my accounts, &c. The Sailmakers are all busy. And that is about all.





one of our Chinese passengers  
is a very respectable Chinaman.  
He is going home with money e-  
nough. He talks good English,  
and is a very intelligent kind  
of person. His wife is a Kan-  
aku beauty. I wonder what  
her Chinese sisters will say  
to her. My bouquet is all  
withered and gone except the  
Geranium leaves, they are green  
yet. The rats have all left -  
no I think, we have got too  
many cats for them this time.  
Mr. Spear & Mr Fiske  
entertain us about Brookfield  
and their travels. And it is a  
good deal of company. It  
seems like old times. One  
of them caught a bird yesterday.  
They are always anxious to  
fish.



Sunday, July 11th. This day,  
I remember well, a year ago  
I stood at my little Cottage door,  
early in the morning, and rung the  
bell for entrance. How quiet  
and fresh it was, And then came  
to let me in one very dear and  
Sweet to me, Fifteen months had  
fled since I had seen her, and  
never before in our own home, but  
who was that with her? one I  
never had seen before, Little  
Dannie, Sweetest of Children,  
I shall have to go and see them  
To day, although it is 12000  
miles away. The little fellow  
is changed I do not know him.  
And Mamie is a great tall  
girl. She reads and writes  
and ciphers now. And can tell  
me all about Geography. Dear  
Daughter mine,



But there mother, I cant seem to  
see how she looks whether well,  
or sad and can worse. Pros-  
pect. She has her troubles. The  
men are all busy keeping now.  
They had noble help last year.  
I dont suppose they miss them much  
now though.

When shall we meet  
again? The Franklin is slow  
and it will take her a good  
while to get round, but one days  
work on another, will do it in time.

Pégarie spends a good deal  
of his time thinking how he would  
fix things up, if his family were here.  
And thinks that the time may come  
when they will be.

I am & c



7th Paper.

Ship. Franklin. North Pacific, Lat.  $17^{\circ}38'$   
Long.  $167^{\circ}$  East. July 15th. 57 Days out

Nothing new, we go jogging along, about 125 to 140 miles a day, and one would hardly think we were going at all. Pilgarcie wakes up about 4.30 A.M. lies still till 5, gets up, takes a mug of hot coffee, then walks the deck with the Sun rises, it is a fine sight; Then washes, and looks about the Ship. The Sail makes all at work, some men washing the decks, and pumping water. Lately have been making a draft of the Ship, it is tedious work, every thing is measured by our own hands. Shinning may not be on the yds, or at the mast heads aint what it is cracked up to be. But of course we must have the Franklin drafted all to pieces, else she would not sail. nor do any thing else.





We have just Completed a new  
main topsail No 1 Cotton duck. 266  
yds. @ 60 cts a yd. It is a  
perfect success and Pilgashie  
is very proud of it. it saves W. & W.  
& Co. a good many dollars. I wish  
we had plenty more Canvas to make  
other sails and awnings it is no  
small thing to fix a ship in sails.  
The sailors are all turned out of  
the fore-castle, and Carpenter is  
rebuilding the berths, men are scrub-  
bing and scraping it ready for a  
coat of paint. it is a astonishing  
what a quantity of dirt we them  
got out of it. It will be in nice  
order when we get it ready to  
move into it. Our Consumption  
passenger coughs fearfully. I am  
afraid his Chamber is a hard one

Queen Labe



Sunday, July 18th, 42 Days  
from Francisco.

Longitude.  $158^{\circ} 10'$

Lat.  $18^{\circ} 00'$ .

We are sailing  
over the same sea, that the Great  
Magelkans. did 350 years ago  
and almost as slowly. He was  
500 days from Spain to the Ladrones  
Islands. We shall be there in about  
5 days. Our Sunrise and Sunset  
is beautiful. It would take a poet  
to describe them properly. There is  
hardly any motion to the ship and  
she makes little noise. Pilgals  
has been all last week measuring  
her, and taking her draft on a  
scale of 8th of an inch. It has been  
hard work to climb all over the  
yards and masts. The rigging is  
stripping with tar, and it sticks to  
his rule, his hands, and every thing.



else. He has torn one shirt to  
pieces. But it has been good ex-  
ercise for him, and he has slept  
well for it. And the draft is  
done all with his own hands,  
and looks first-rate too. And it  
is perhaps better than any he has  
done before. But his eyes want  
new brushing before he does any  
money's worth. Yes P'd your eyes  
and so good as they were once,  
and it is not strange, for they  
have done as much work as any  
pair eyes ever put in a man's  
head. I gave our sick China  
passengers some Ayer's Cherry pectoral,  
and it has helped him a good  
deal. Chien has a glorious time  
talking to the Chinamen in his own  
Country language. evening they talk  
for an hour and his voice sounds  
as different from what does when he  
talks English as can be.



## S. H. Paper,

His voice sounds deep and guttural,  
and he gesticulates to a great rate,  
What wonderful adventures he  
has to relate, He will be a  
great voyager, when he gets  
home,

Drawing the Figure  
Head of the Ship for my draft,  
(I have put a copy of it in these  
soundings).

Franklin was about  
5 feet 10 high of a florid complexion,  
and fine looking. He is eight feet  
high on our bow, and is represented  
going up the Street of Philadelphia  
after his arrival <sup>from</sup> in Boston, with  
just a Shilling left, and eating  
a loaf of Bread. Thus he passed  
the House of his future wife, and  
she said see what green looking  
Countryman





This was  
Miss Head, and she  
little dreamed he was  
to be her husband. He  
was the greatest Scholar  
and Philosopher of his age  
and had fifteen Brothers and  
sisters.



Saturday, July 27th 1869  
Lat 17° 55' North, Long 148° 1' East  
48 Days at sea -

*Alecton*  
Time. we are having very light winds  
and hot sultry weather. it is  
impossible to sleep or eat. very  
little while we have a rain shower  
that kills all the wind. There  
are lots of Marine birds in sight  
all the time. And today fish  
are jumping all about. They are  
called Albicore, and about as  
large as a big Cod. The birds  
are mostly called Man O' war  
birds. they are about as large as  
our duck and are white. they have  
one solitary feather in their tail  
and it is very large and long, and  
much longer than the bird. Sailors  
call them Marine Spike birds  
from their resemblance to that instrument




Our cats thrive well and have caught  
some rats, and we have caught some  
in the trap. The pigs that we got  
in San Francisco are wonders.  
They have learned to chew gum,  
spit, play like kittens &c -  
Pélgarlic Cut out a large flag.  
the other day, with a horse in  
it, it is finished now, and he feels  
quite proud about it. He has  
made three basketts and done  
some carving. But he worries  
so much about the mice &c that  
he can't do much. He has got  
some shells in a drawer, and  
when he gets tired he'd hauls them  
out and looks at them. He is  
a queer "genius homo" Not much  
account, but will count one.  
So, let the toast be

"Three hearts and more.

Absent Friends; God Bless them.  
Sat night



9th. Paper

 Sunday. 25th July. 49 Days out  
Ladrone Islands in sight  
The nearest one is call. "Ala-  
magnan". It is steep and inac-  
cessible, and is volcanic, the  
Crater being immense and distinct-  
ly visible from the ship. I believe  
there is no inhabitants on it.  
The weather is hot & Sultry, the  
Thermometer standing at, 88 in  
my Cabin, in the Sun it is  
about 100. We had a severe  
Typhoon in sight of these Islands  
in the Fearless, 6 years ago last  
November, (20 mo. ago), and it is  
the last one I have seen! The  
weather is very different now;  
the sky is clear and beautiful,  
though for the last 4 days it has  
looked wild and unsettled,  
I guess we are going to have good  
weather,



Saturday. July last.  
Lat.  $18^{\circ}$  north. Long  $135^{\circ}$  East -  
54 Days at sea.

How hot  
and sultry it is. And very little  
wind. We are dragging our weary  
length along. Every Afternoon  
it begins to rain now, and rains  
all night in torrents, with squalls  
of rain. And heavy thunder & light-  
ning. It is terribly gloomy, one of  
these dark nights. It is like a  
funereal pall. But it is a part  
of our life. How long O God? I  
woke up this morning at half past  
three, with a terrible screaming, it  
was, the Cook. Killing our two  
Pigs. The men hanging up by the  
keels when I got on deck. Now  
Spear. learned a butcher's trade  
when he was young, and he and  
Pilgarlic went to cut them up after  
a Breakfast off their livers. First  
cut them into down thro the back



bone, then cut off their heads, then  
the fore shoulders and Spaulders,  
then off with their feet at the joints  
for Souping. Then their Hams. Trim  
the flanks off, then cut them length-  
wise and crosswise to the bone, put  
in Table Salt. lay them down in a  
keg for curing. A nice Sparrow-  
for our dinner held on! says Spear,  
"let me score it." The rest of the  
Spaniards for the Sailors, all chopped  
Take out the Tongues, then the under  
jaw. Chop one head off for Soup -  
the other layed down - put. Salt  
from our pork tub all over the whole  
then fill with Brine, put a Stone  
in to keep it down. Then says  
Spear that will keep a week,  
yes says Fiske, a fortnight, but  
if it keeps three days we shall  
be lucky with the thermometer at  
88 in the Shade, Wouldn't I - laugh  
to see Pizantie cutting up Pork?



Pilgastic made an envelope and  
printed L's address on it yester-  
day. I guess every body will  
know she has got a letter when  
that comes - Al though there  
won't be much in it. P. does  
not have much to write about this  
year, he aint so enthusiastic as  
he used to be. He wants to see  
his loved ones very much, but  
the Franklin is so slow that it  
will be a long time first. He  
has picked his hair mattress all  
over now, made some brackets.  
(one to put Dannys shoe on),  
and a couple of drawings. He  
dont read any now, his eyes  
won't stand it. Time hangs heavy.  
I suppose they have got thro' hanging  
now, but it is not probably well  
done as it was last year, not having  
the wonderful cabin and this long  
tailed man to help them.



10th. Paper

62 Days out

August, 7th, 1869. Lat.  $19^{\circ}30'N$   
Long.  $124^{\circ}22'E$

Crawling along. nothing to write about. We expect to be in the China Sea tomorrow. We seldom make over 100 miles per day.

The wind is so light. Our passengers are quiet and gentlemanly every way. Spear has a great deal of fun. So has Fiske. Always pleasant and agreeable. The Chinese are very still once in a while during work makes a noise I don't know what it sounds like. Something like filing hand saws. She sits on her haunches most of the time, like a squaw. Her husband, told one of the passengers, that he offered her \$500.00 to stay at Honolulu, He could get plenty of wives in China. She couldn't see it. She had better stay at any price..



I lent them all the pictorials I  
had to look at, they were very  
much pleased. The sick China  
man came on board almost gone  
with Consumption. About a month  
ago, I gave him a bottle of  
Ayers Cherry Pectoral, it has  
nearly cured him. It is powerful  
stuff. We have been making  
rope the last week, it makes a  
good deal of noise. We make all  
sizes, and some very nice. How  
the passengers laughed when they  
saw the Spinning wheel going.  
I have covered the chairs with new  
Reef, and made Canvas covers  
for them. And so we go, with  
the Thermometer at 95 in the Shade,  
But my night be worse off. What  
a pity I couldn't be here. I'll  
garble dreams of that very often.



Monday 9th August.  
64 Days

Here we are again, in the China Sea, passed in last night by the Balintang Channel. At 12 A.M. we were between the Islands it was a grand and solemn, still sight. Those over-arching mountains. At daylight the Islands were all around us. At sunrise had a fine display. The Isles of Balintang were due east of us, behind them lay a mass of Cumuli Clouds. The sun rising pierced through every opening in them and gilt up the ragged peaks of the black volcanic land, making it look like a number of light houses. And she sent the thermometer up to 110°. The water is 87°. To day the sea is very deep blue, and plenty of sea weed, cuttle fish. sea gulls and other birds and one little Dolphin.



which Mr Fiske has in vain been trying to catch for two days. The tide rips and whirls around us to a great extent, and looks at a distance like breakers and fairly frightened the mate, but I had been over every inch of the ground and knew there were no breakers here.

I had a dream Saturday afternoon. I was sitting in a chair reading Harpers and I dropped into a doze. I thought I looked up, and mother Lancaster sat by me, Oh how natural. I thought she wanted something about Louisa, then smiled bowed her head a little to one side and faded away. Again I looked and there was an empty chair. "Nothing more", but I never was more decided in my life before, I believe she is one of my Guardian Angels.